



THE FLASH

VEVADADA

TM

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REMENDER
CRAIG
LOUGHRIDGE

#4

1987

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FORGOTTEN ALL
HUMAN ETIQUETTE.

WHAT IS EXPECTED
OF ME HERE?

JUST BE **COOL**.
BE **NORMAL**.

WHAT THE FUCK DO I
DO WITH MY EYES? LOOK
AT HIM? THE FLOOR?

STOP. TRYING TO HIDE
THE TENSION ONLY
MAKES IT **OBVIOUS**.



WHERE AM I? I **SHOULD** KNOW THAT.

IT STARTED TWO DAYS AGO WITH
POT SNOWCAPPED WITH ANGEL DUST.

IMPORTANT DETAIL NOT OFFERED
UNTIL **AFTER** WE'D SMOKED IT.



WENT THROUGH TWO OR THREE
EIGHT BALLS OF COCAINE ON
THE DRIVE.

I REMEMBER SPRAYING WATER
THROUGH THE DRIVE-IN WINDOW
AT A JACK IN THE BOX.

I WASN'T WEARING PANTS.

AND IT WASN'T WATER.



BILLY HAD A BOTTLE OF **ETHER**.

STUFF IS UGLY. ONLY LASTS
A FEW MINUTES, BUT TWISTS
REALITY DOWN HARD.

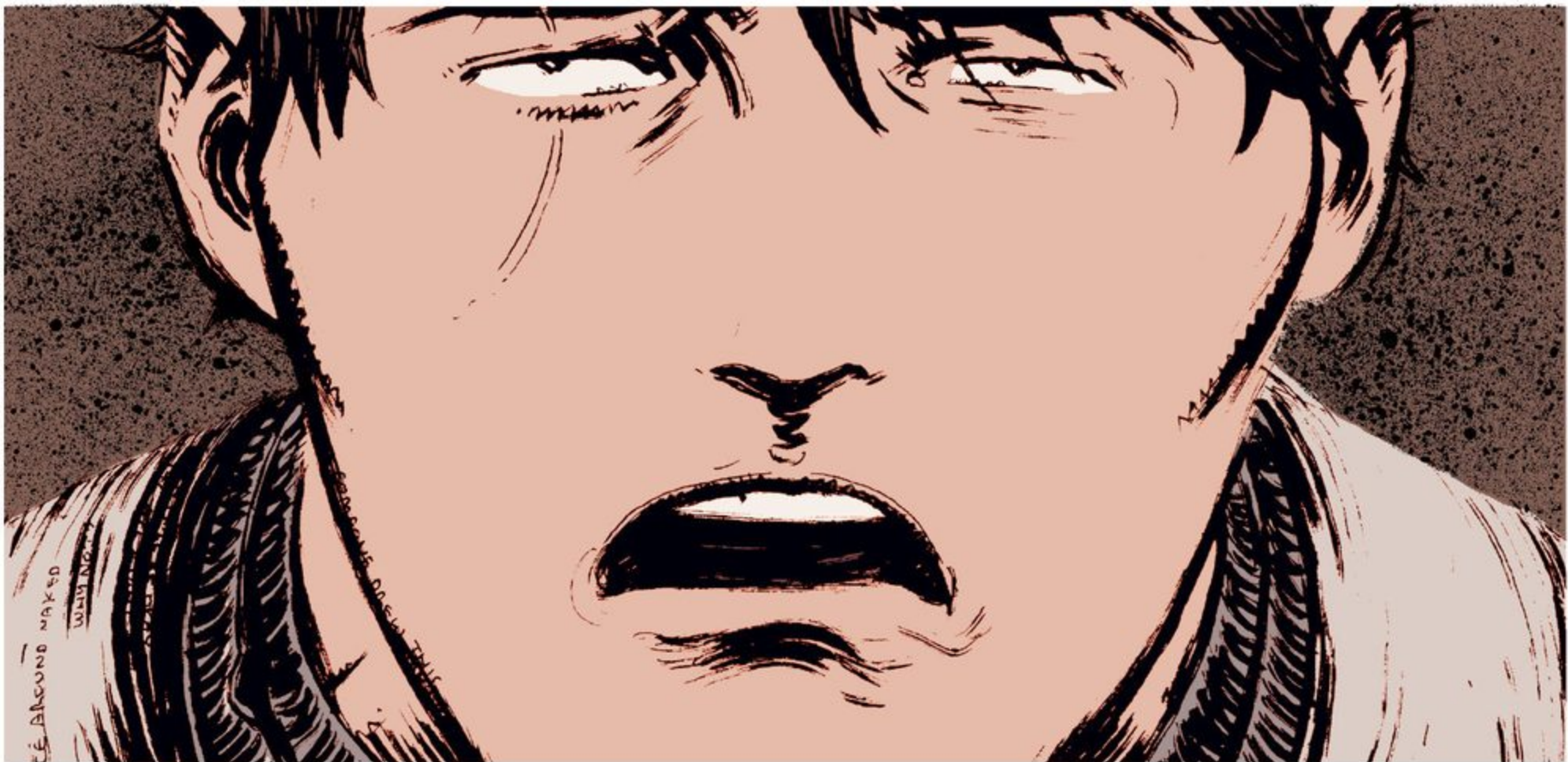
FLASH FRYING BILLIONS
OF BRAIN CELLS.

IT'S WHERE HUNTER WENT
OFF THE RAILS IN THE BOOK.

BUT **NONE** OF THAT
EVEN MATTERS.



NOTHING BEFORE
THE **ACID** MATTERS.



STOMACH LURCHES,
COMPRESSING IN
ON ITSELF.

HE KNOWS.

BREATHING STUTTERS.

HE KNOWS WHAT
YOU'VE DONE.

NUMBNESS IN FACE
AND HANDS.



SOMETHING BAD.

TOLD MYSELF TO REMEMBER.
BEFORE MR. T SHOWED UP...

SOMETHING IMPORTANT...



NO, NOT THE SCHOOL.
TOO FAR BACK...
SOMETHING ELSE.

THAT WASN'T IT...
JESUS, WHAT'S
THE THING?

SOMETHING WORSE
THAN THE DRUGS
OR THE FAKE I.D....

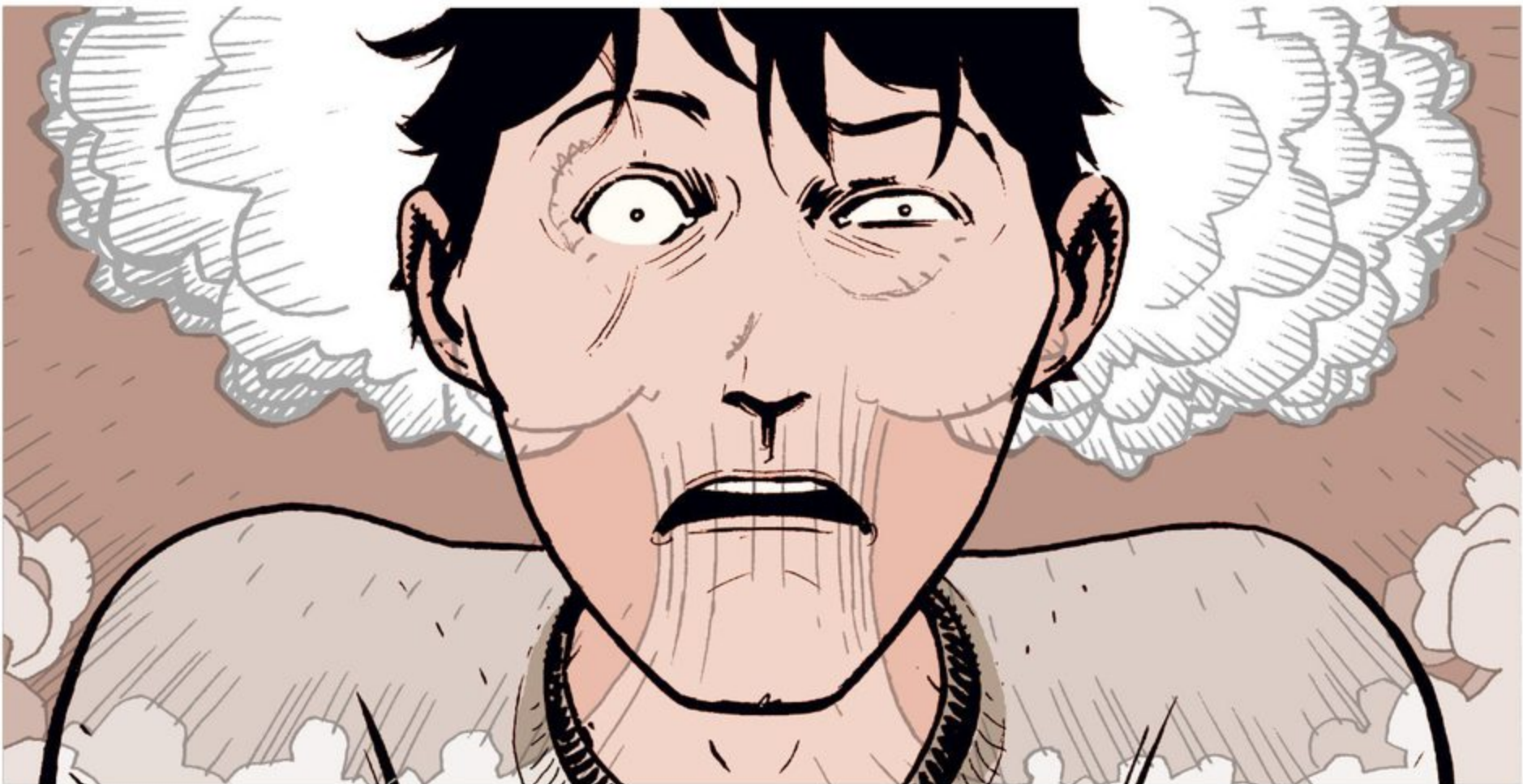


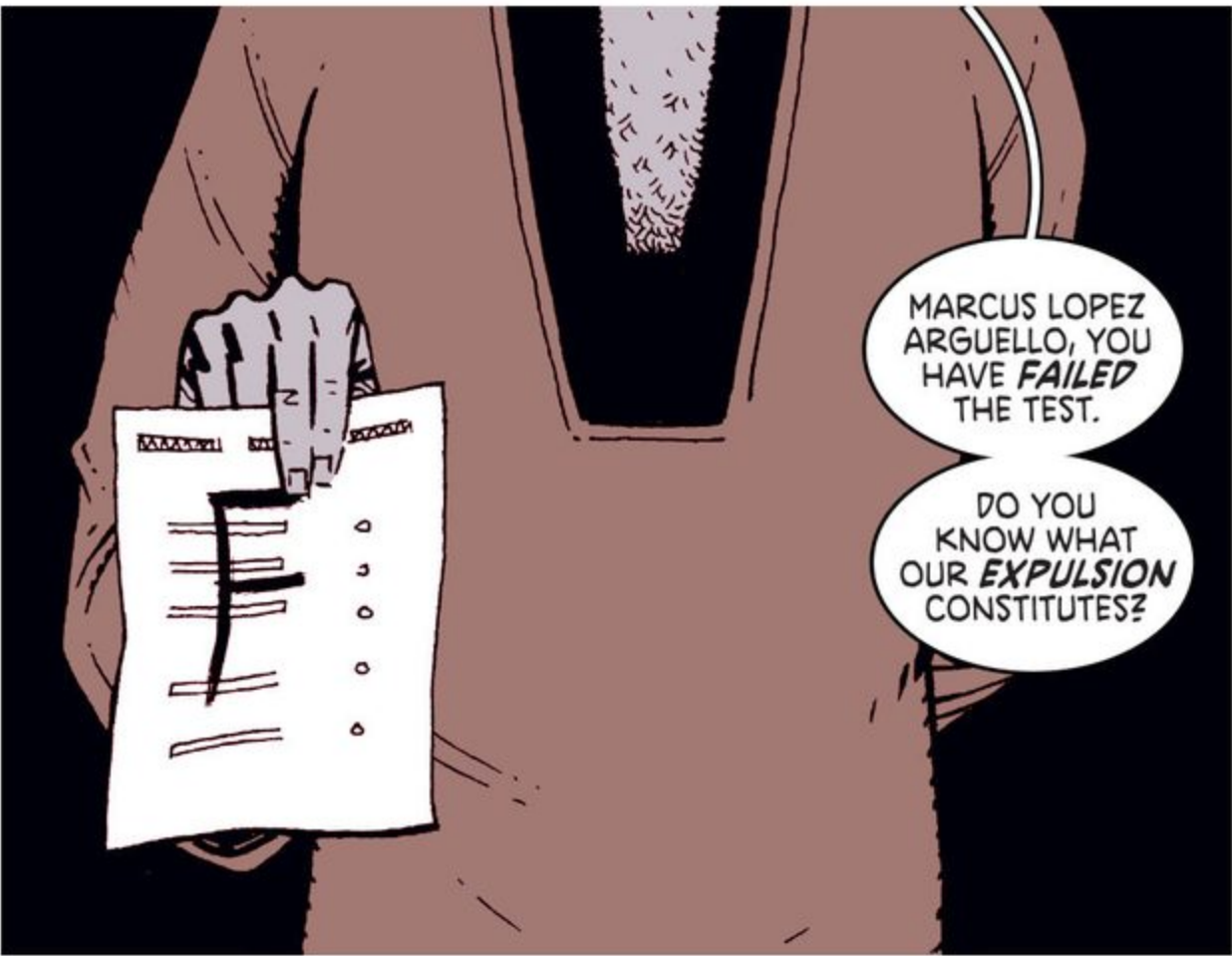
OH.

FUCK.



THAT'S RIGHT...







*WILLIE GOT MY BACK AND THE
CRAZY OLD DICK SPARED MY LIFE.*

*THREW ME IN "THE DITCH,"
SOLITARY CONFINEMENT,
FOR A WEEK.*

*SPENT **DAYS** RELIVING IT.*

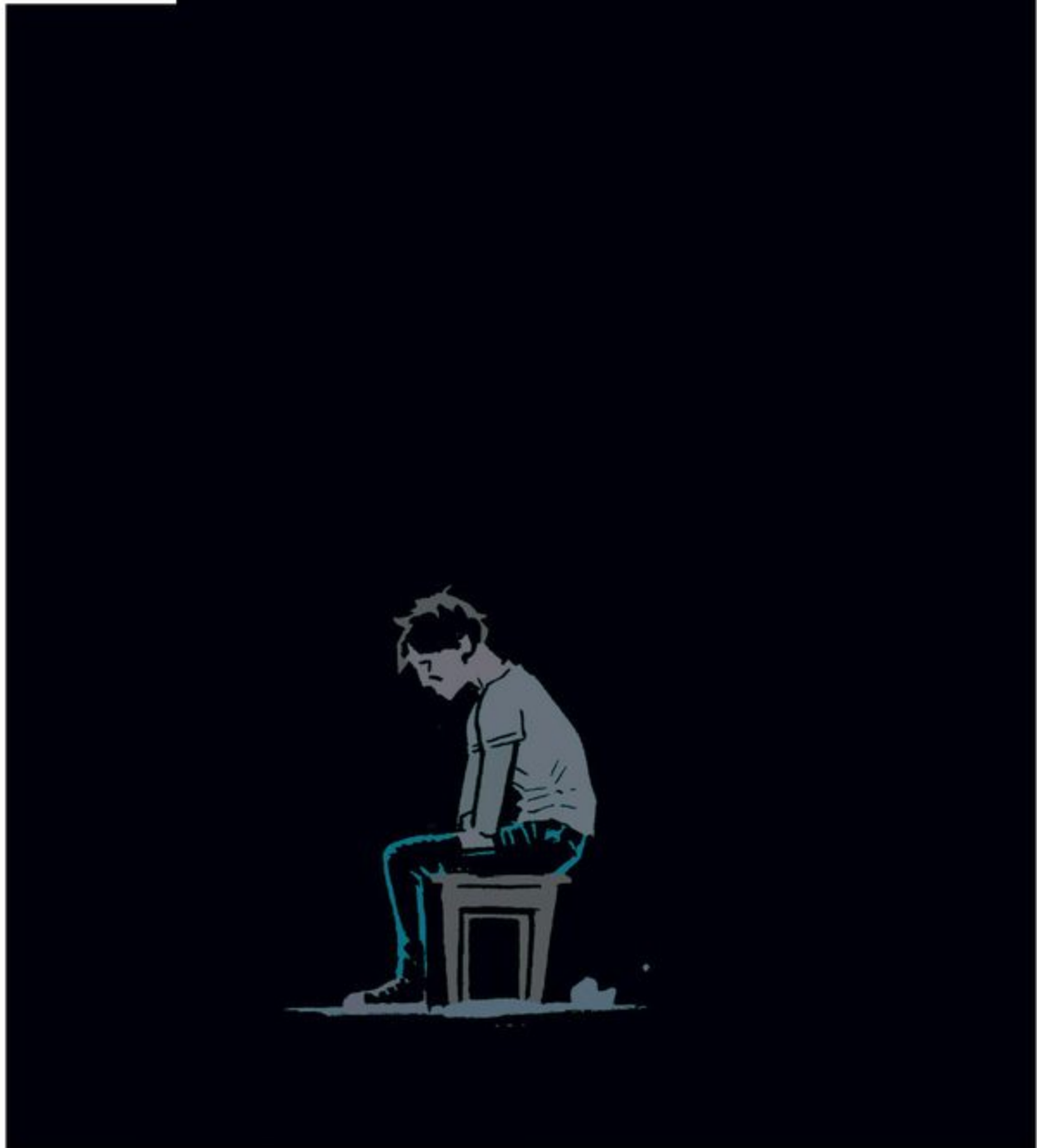
*DAYS SEEING RORY'S TWITCHING
BODY IN THE PUDDLE OF THICK PURPLE
GOD THAT CAME OUT OF HIS HEAD.*

*DID HE SAY HE TORCHED A
VILLAGE? WHAT HAVE I DONE?*

*BASHED A HELPLESS
OLD MAN'S HEAD IN.*

*SAME AS HE TORCHED
SOME VILLAGE IN NAM.*

*SAME **RATIONALIZATION...***



...JUST FOLLOWING ORDERS.



"...AND **WE** ARE GOING ON A ROAD TRIP."

WHAT IF THEY FIND OUT I'M GONE?



BILLY TOLD ME THEY WERE GOING TO LAS VEGAS TO KILL HIS DAD, A DEGENERATE GAMBLER WHO LEFT HIS FAMILY IN THE LURCH, ONLY TO REAPPEAR YEARS LATER TO MAKE THEIR LIVES EVEN WORSE.

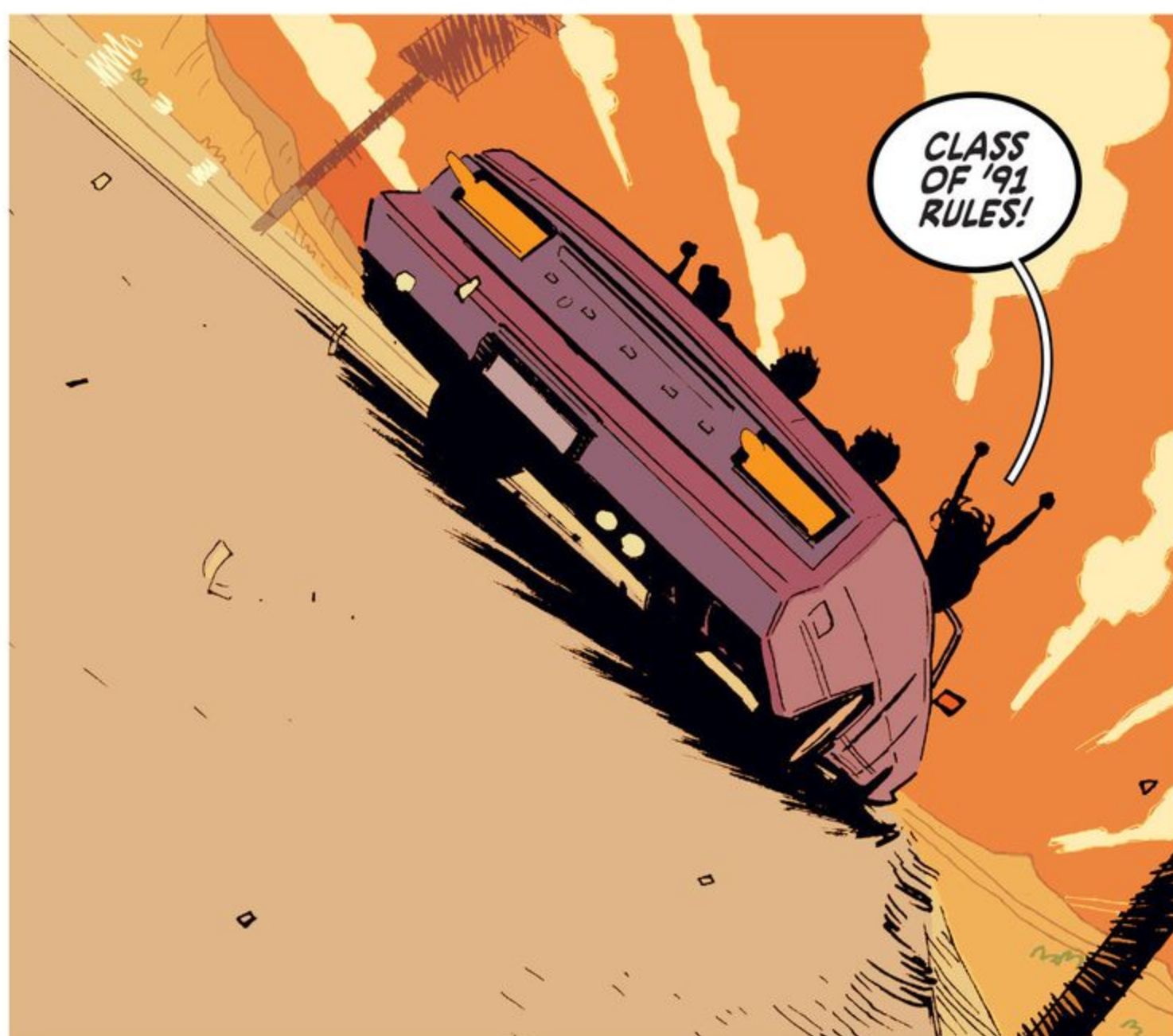
HE WAS A SMUGGLER OR SOMETHING, HE'D PUT BILLY IN THE SCHOOL TO TOUGHEN HIM UP, AND IT DID.

TOUGH ENOUGH TO WANT TO SEE HIS DAD KILLED FOR EVERYTHING HE HAD DONE TO HIM GROWING UP. JUST NOT TOUGH ENOUGH TO DO IT HIMSELF.

WORD OF MY KILL HAD SPREAD.

AND IT JUST FELT GOOD TO BE WANTED.

EVEN FOR SOMETHING AS FUCKED AS THIS.





DEADLY CLASSES

RICK REMENDER
writer-co-creators

WES CRAIG
artist

LEE LOUGHRIDGE
colorist

RUS WOOTON
letterer

SEBASTIAN GIRNER
editor



"I WON THE MIRROR
AT THE STATE FAIR."



THROWING
BALLS AT A
TOOTHLESS
METH HEAD.



PERFECT,
RIGHT?

YOU'RE
PERFECT,
MARIA.

AND *THIS* TACKY
MALL-HESHER'S
MIRROR *IS* THE PERFECT
TOUCH. FINISHES OUT THE
OVERALL "REST
STOP BATHROOM
COCAINE BINGE
AMBIANCE."



YOU ARE
SO MY BEST
FRIEND!

YOU
KNOW THAT,
RIGHT?!

TOTALLY!
YOU ARE
SO FUCKING
COOL, SAYA!

*BEST
FRIENDS
FOREVER!*



"...AND I'VE GOT NOTHING BUT TIME."

SO... WHY GO TO SO MUCH TROUBLE TO SPRING ME?

NEED YOU TO KILL BILLY'S DAD.

WHY DON'T YOU HELP BILLY KILL HIS DAD?

WELL, I WOULD, AND THE GUY **ONE-HUNDRED PERCENT** DESERVES IT, AT LEAST FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD ABOUT HIM...

...BUT I HAVEN'T STOPPED HAVING **NIGHTMARES** SINCE I KILLED THAT COP.

KILLING ISN'T EASY FOR ME.

I'M NOT A PSYCHOPATH.

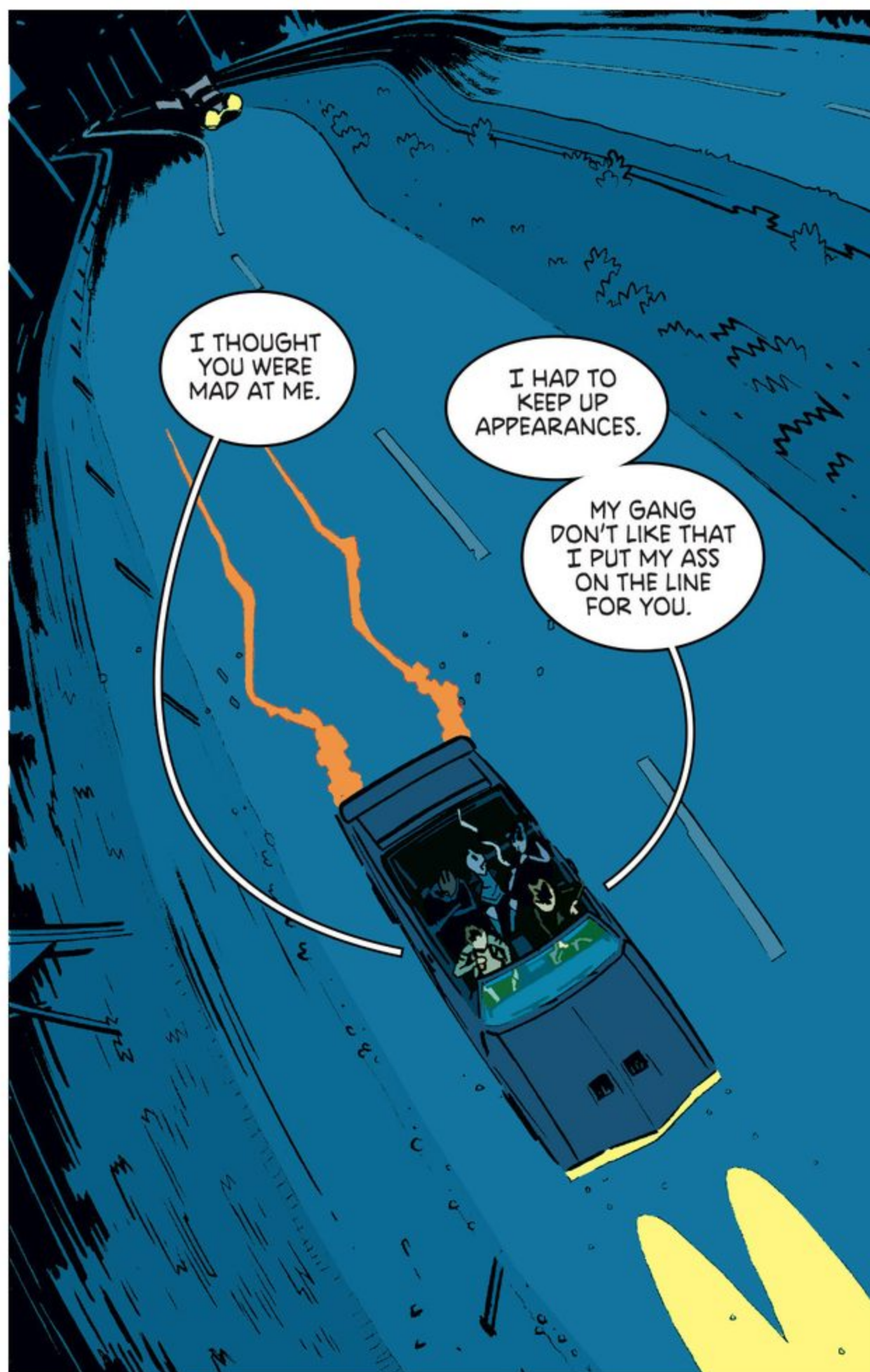
THE **FUCK** DOES **THAT** MEAN?

YOU THINK I AM?

IF THIS IS JUST SOME **SHIT** YOU GUYS ARE PUSHING OFF ON TO **ME**, WHY DID YOU COME?

A FUN, DRUG-FUELED, ROAD TRIP WITH MY FRIENDS.

TO USE THOSE FAKE I.D.'S WE MADE AT KINKO'S AND PLAY QUARTER SLOTS LIKE DEFLATED RETIREES.



I THOUGHT YOU WERE MAD AT ME.

I HAD TO KEEP UP APPEARANCES.

MY GANG DON'T LIKE THAT I PUT MY ASS ON THE LINE FOR YOU.



AND YOU JUST CAME TO HAVE FUN, HUH? NO OTHER REASON?

I ALSO CAME FOR THE GRATEFUL DEAD.

THE GRATEFUL DEAD? ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR FUCKING MIND?



THERE'S NO WAY ON GOD'S GREEN EARTH THAT YOU ARE A DEAD FAN. THAT WOULD BE A TRAVESTY TO NATURE.

OF COURSE NOT.

I'M NOT GOING TO SEE THE SHITTY BAND--



--GOING TO SEE THE SHITTY FANS.

THE DEAD ARE PLAYING OUTSIDE OF VEGAS, BEFORE WE GET INTO TOWN WE'RE GOING TO SWING IN, PICK UP A BUNCH OF CHEAP ACID AND MUSHROOMS AND MAKE A SHITLOAD OF MONEY DEALING RELIEF TO OUR FELLOW STUDENTS.



HE'S NOT INTO YOU.

MARCUS? OH, BILLY, THE BOY'S ALREADY IN MY WEB.

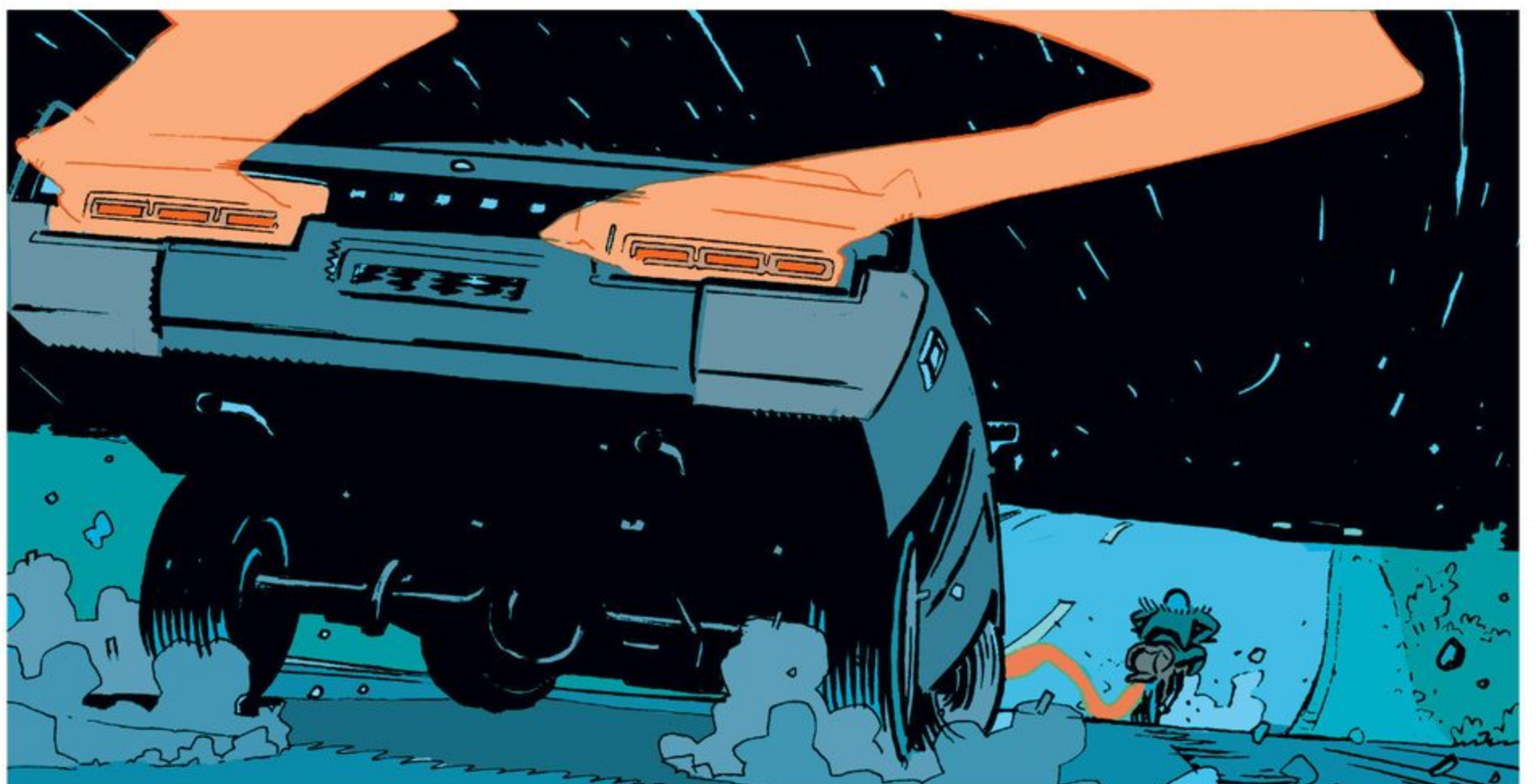
I DUNNO... LOOK AT HIM. HE'S DUMB FOR SAYA.



IN MY EXPERIENCE A BOY WILL CHANGE HIS GOAL FROM UNOBTAINABLE TO OBTAINABLE ONCE HE REALIZES WHICH IS WHICH.

BY THAT LOGIC YOU SHOULD SETTLE FOR ME.

DOESN'T WORK FOR GIRLS. WE WANT WHAT WE CAN'T HAVE.





OH, MAN...
THAT'S RIGHT.

THE FUCKING
GRATEFUL DEAD
SHOW.

THERE IS NO PLACE WORSE THAN A
HIPPIE SHANTYTOWN ERECTED BY NOMADIC
STRAGGLERS FROM A DELUDED BAND
COMMITTED TO AN EMPTY CAUSE.

THE COOLEST, MOST BEAUTIFUL
GIRL I'VE EVER MET...



...AND SHE TOOK ME TO THE
BASTION OF HIPPIE HELL.

GIVE ME ALL
THE MONEY YOU
HAVE AND I'LL
GO BUY THE
DRUGS.

YOU CAN'T
TRUST MOST
OF THIS
TROGLODYTE
BRIGADE.



WHAT, YOU
DON'T THINK I
COULD TELL IF
SOMEBODY WAS
SELLING ME BUNK
DRUGS?



HONESTLY?

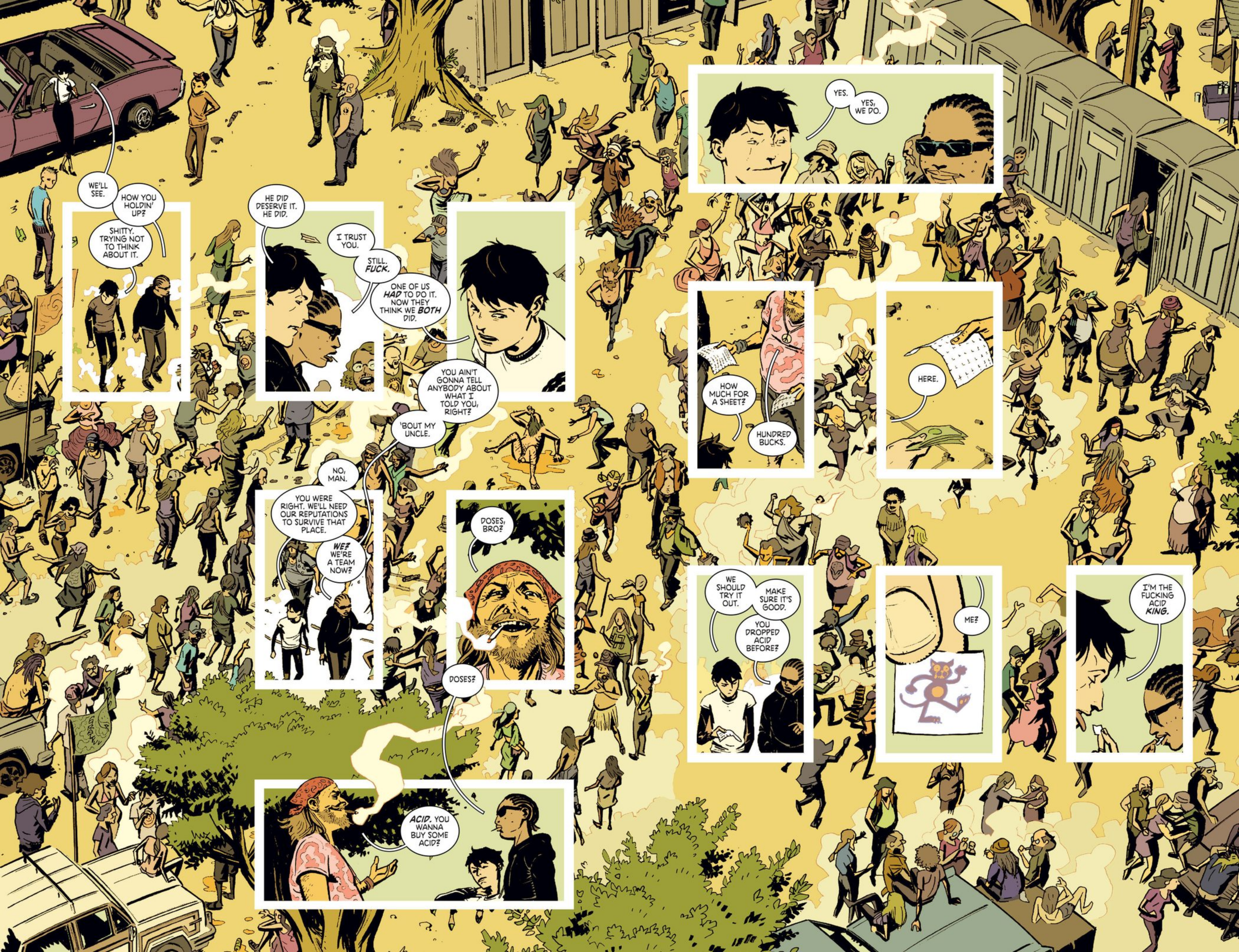
NO.

JUST LET
ME DEAL
WITH
THIS.



FUCK
THAT.

WE'LL BUY
OUR OWN
DRUGS.



YES.
YES, WE DO.



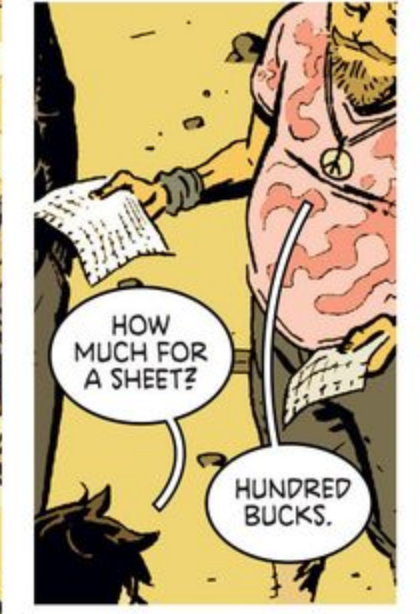
WE'LL SEE.
HOW YOU HOLDIN' UP?
SHITTY. TRYING NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT.



HE DID DESERVE IT. HE DID.
I TRUST YOU.
STILL. FUCK.
ONE OF US HAD TO DO IT. NOW THEY THINK WE BOTH DID.



YOU AIN'T GONNA TELL ANYBODY ABOUT WHAT I TOLD YOU, RIGHT?
'BOUT MY UNCLE.



HOW MUCH FOR A SHEET?
HUNDRED BUCKS.



HERE.



NO, MAN.
YOU WERE RIGHT. WE'LL NEED OUR REPUTATIONS TO SURVIVE THAT PLACE.
WE? WE'RE A TEAM NOW?



DOSES, BRO?

DOSES?



WE SHOULD TRY IT OUT.
MAKE SURE IT'S GOOD.
YOU DROPPED ACID BEFORE?



ME?



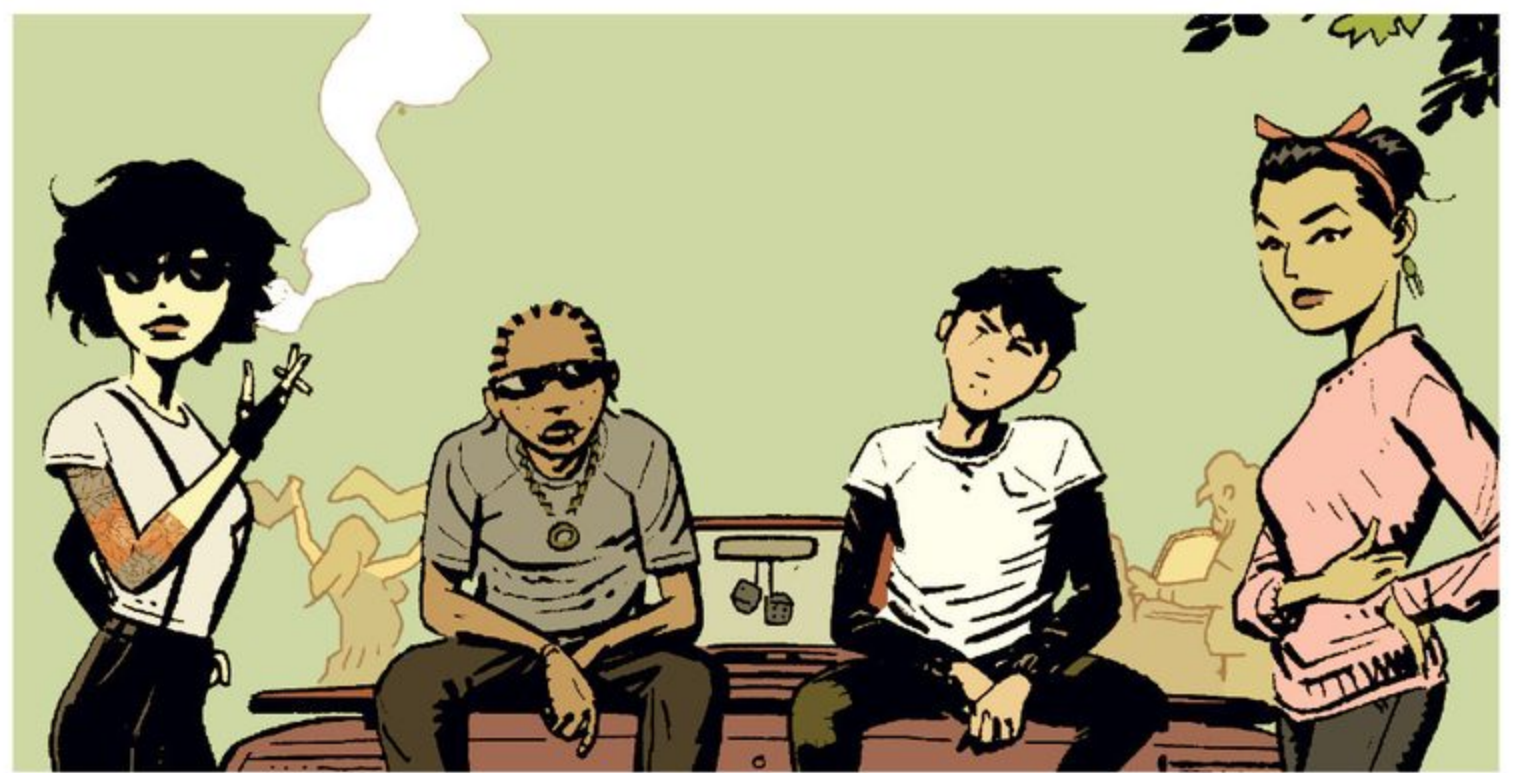
I'M THE FUCKING ACID KING.



ACID. YOU WANNA BUY SOME ACID?

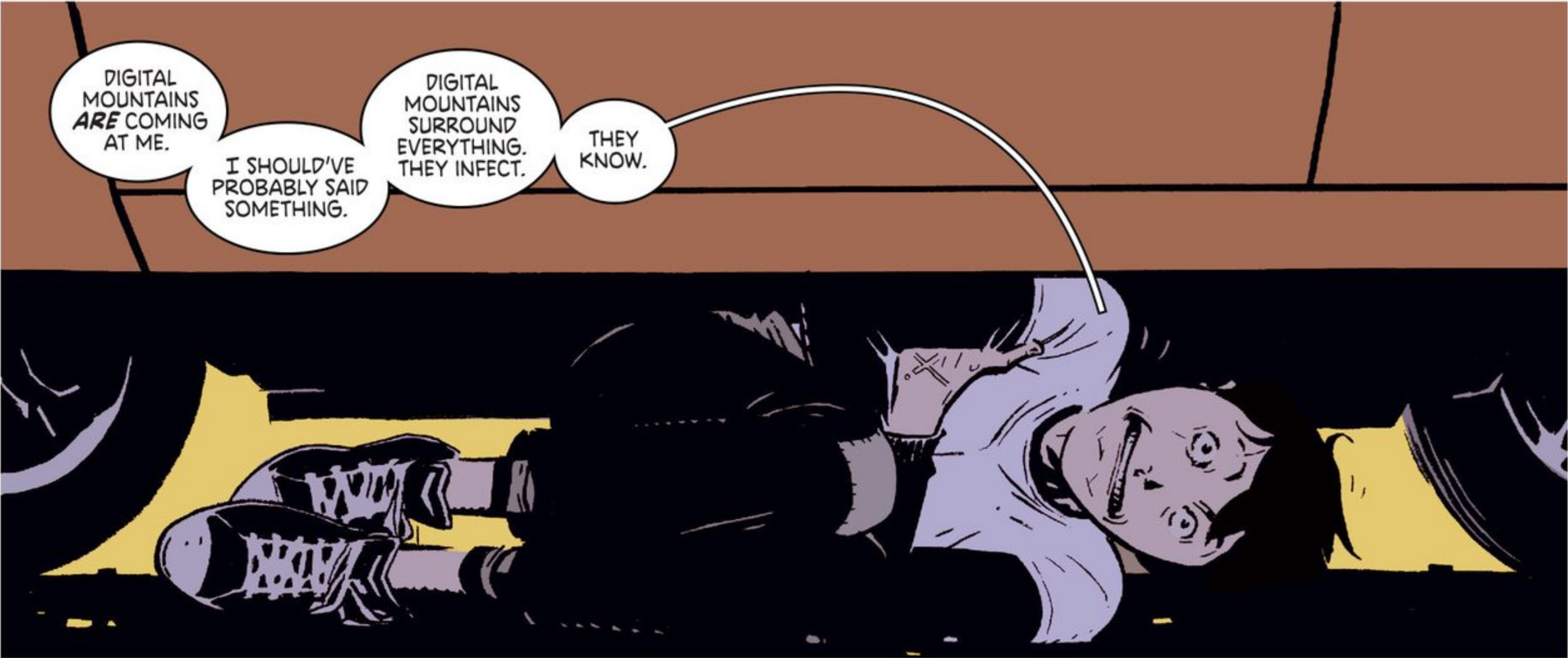
ONE HOUR LATER

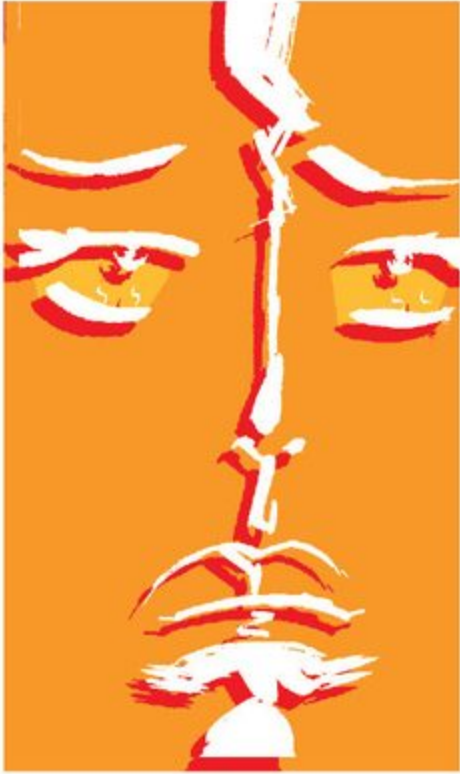


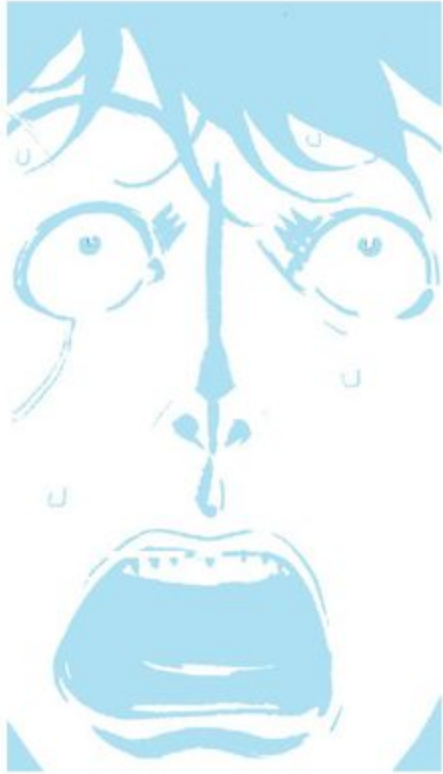




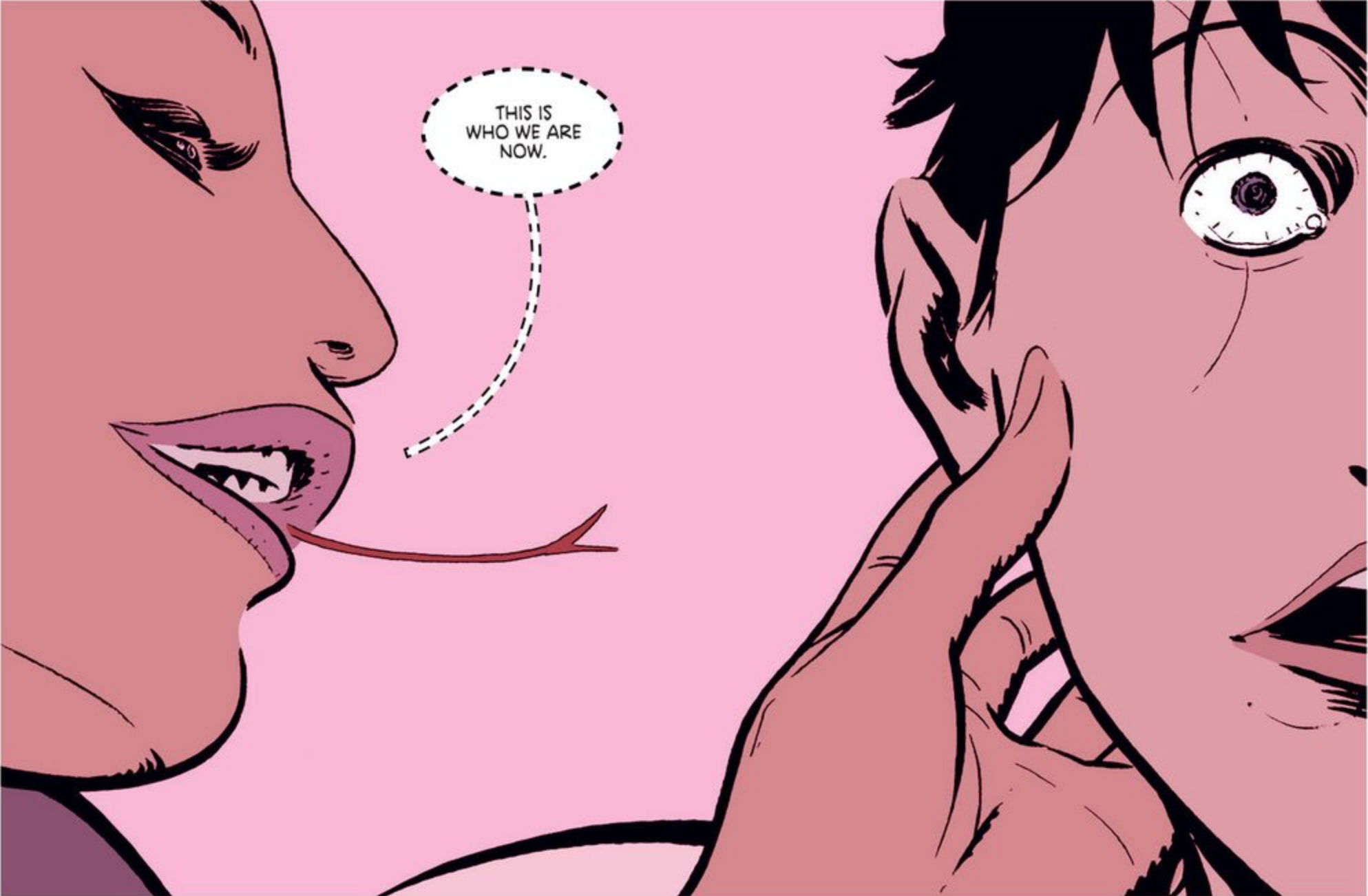
36 MINUTES LATER













TO BE CONTINUED...

DEAD LETTER OFFICE

Send comments and questions to
[WriteRemender@gmail.com!](mailto:WriteRemender@gmail.com)
Mark letters "OK to print".

RR - Things are about to get bad for Marcus and his crew. But you'll have to wait till next month to see what happens when you've got a head full of broken glass and go up against a jilted boyfriend who also happens to be a notorious killer AND child of the largest drug cartel in the world. Oh, and there's Fuckface, he's been on Marcus's trail for a few issues now, so I bet he's got some ugly jive to drop on our cast. Hard enough to have eaten way too much acid, but to have to fight for your life on too much acid? Can't be great. Let's do some letters...

Love the book! Just read issue 3 and DAMN! Did not see that coming. Marcus has some devils buried deep down in his soul and I cannot wait until the team reveals those devils. You had me hooked after issue 1, I mean who doesn't love the '80s?

Shameel Vazquez

RR - Yeah, Marcus has an ugly back-story we've only just started to hint at. The story of his time in the Sunset Boys' Home was actually the first script I wrote for this series. But I chose to keep it a secret and to dole it out in small bits as we move forward. We'll find out what he did that had those police officers so upset soon.

Hey Rick,

If I'd use one word to describe DEADLY CLASS #3, it would have to be cinematic. Sharp dialog (both internal and external), fine tension and drama on the rooftop and in the alleys, spot-on visuals from Wes — seems to me DEADLY CLASS would be a natural pitch to FX, AMC, and/or A&E.

On another note, here's my suggestion for the title of the DEADLY CLASS Letters Page: "DEADLY LETTERS OFFICE". I think it's a pretty good fit. Not only does it refer to an of-era album — R.E.M.'s Dead Letter Office collection of odds and ends, which came out on April 27, 1987 — but it could also be seen as a descriptor for the classmates themselves, a collection of lost, forgotten, and/or discarded youth now under one roof, ostensibly being curated for eventual bigger and better things.

Anyhow, that's my virtual 2 cents. Hope you like the idea.

Keep writing, and I'll keep reading.

Rock on,
Mike Mettler

RR - Mike, that's a GREAT idea! Really top notch. In fact, we've decided to use it, with a minor tweak. Thanks for naming our letters page! We're also very glad to hear you're enjoying the series.

Dear Deadly Class Team,

Eureka! Stop the contest! I've discovered the perfect name for your letter column. Even though I think it should be called "The Daniel Bellay Letter Column," my love of everything eighties has moved me to propose the title "Totally Tubular Transmissions." As for my prize, I suggest a character named Daniel, after yours truly. He must be well-versed in hockey, eat donuts like nobodies business, and be spectacularly handsome. DEADLY CLASS is seriously amazing and absolutely in my top three, right next to Image's Saga and Minimum Wage. Keep up the acid washed, 8-bit, punk rock goodness for a long time.

Daniel Bellay

RR - You have some great taste, sir. *Minimum Wage* has been one of my favorite comics since the first issue, which I found like twenty years ago. *Saga* is also a fine bit of comic bookery. As for your letters page idea, guess what? You failed! You really blew it. You showed, and you swung, and you had your day in the sun, and we're proud of your effort. We really are.

Dear Rick and the rest of the class,

This comic is downright amazing! From start to finish, the words and pictures flow in perfect harmony. I can't help but read it twice every time a new issue comes out. Rick, your words (of wisdom) keep me hooked. Wes and Lee, I can't but help fall for your groovy art. Big fan. Together, they are an unstoppable force! And especially, that last panel, I can't but help and get a slight shiver. Thank you guys for bringing out such a bloody deadly comic (I am so sorry) and can't wait to see what Marcus will face next.

P.S. Loving the after-comic insights. That little bit of background info. Like

the smashing jams at the end of issue two. And Wes' process in two and three. Very cool stuff.

Keep being groovy,
Dimitri M.

RR - Speaking of groovy, how about that double page spread of the Dead show Wes and Lee dropped on you this issue. Holy shit, it was like reliving my worst nightmare. Not that any of this story is based on my life experiences or anything...

I was born in 1970, so DEADLY CLASS really strikes several chords for me, particularly all the music references in the comic and in the Letters Page. I love the kind of '80s music that came from college radio stations more than from pop stations, and I still love The Smiths to this day. In fact, I was one of those college radio DJs playing what used to be called "alternative music." The best stations — as I'm sure you remember — played lesser known tracks from the record album: These were called "Deep Cuts." Since Cuts can refer to a music track or to wielding a knife with DEADLY CLASS, I think the Letters Page should be renamed "Deep Cuts."

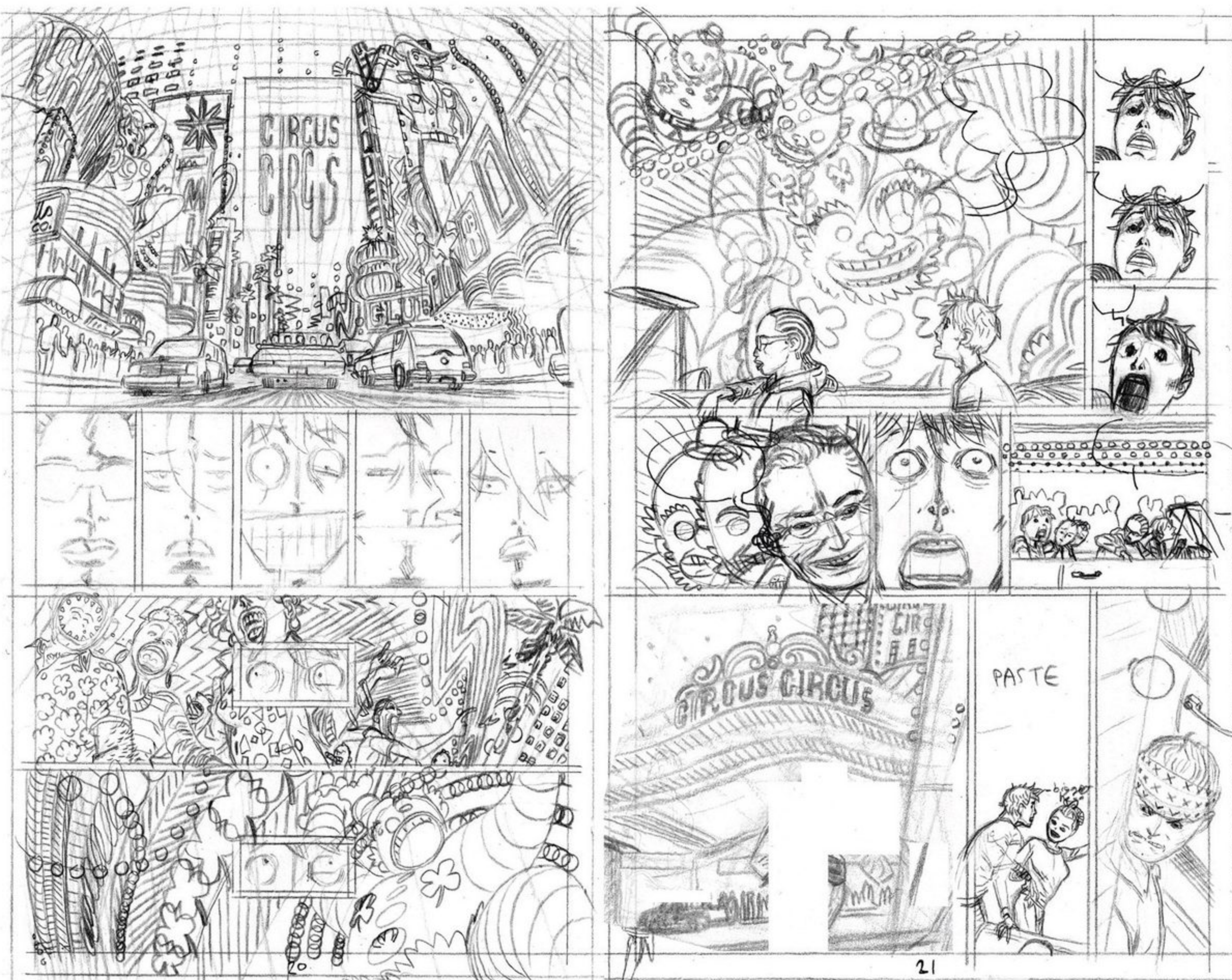
I love this comic. The entire package is perfect from the writing to the art and colors. And as a college English professor who loves teaching both comics AND coming-of-age stories, I don't see how I can escape from being caught up in this story.

Sincerely,
Dr. Brad K. Hawley
Oxford College of Emory University

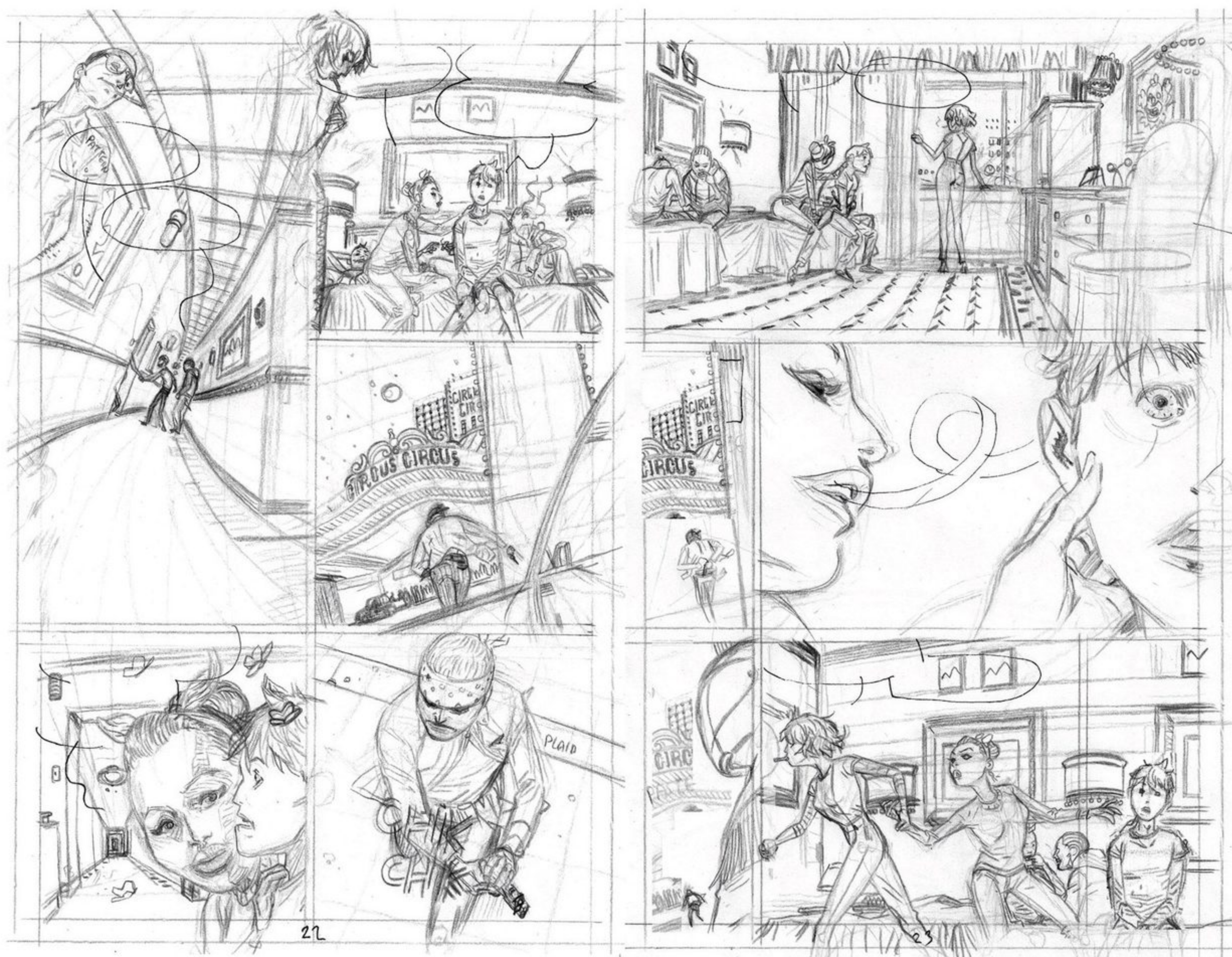
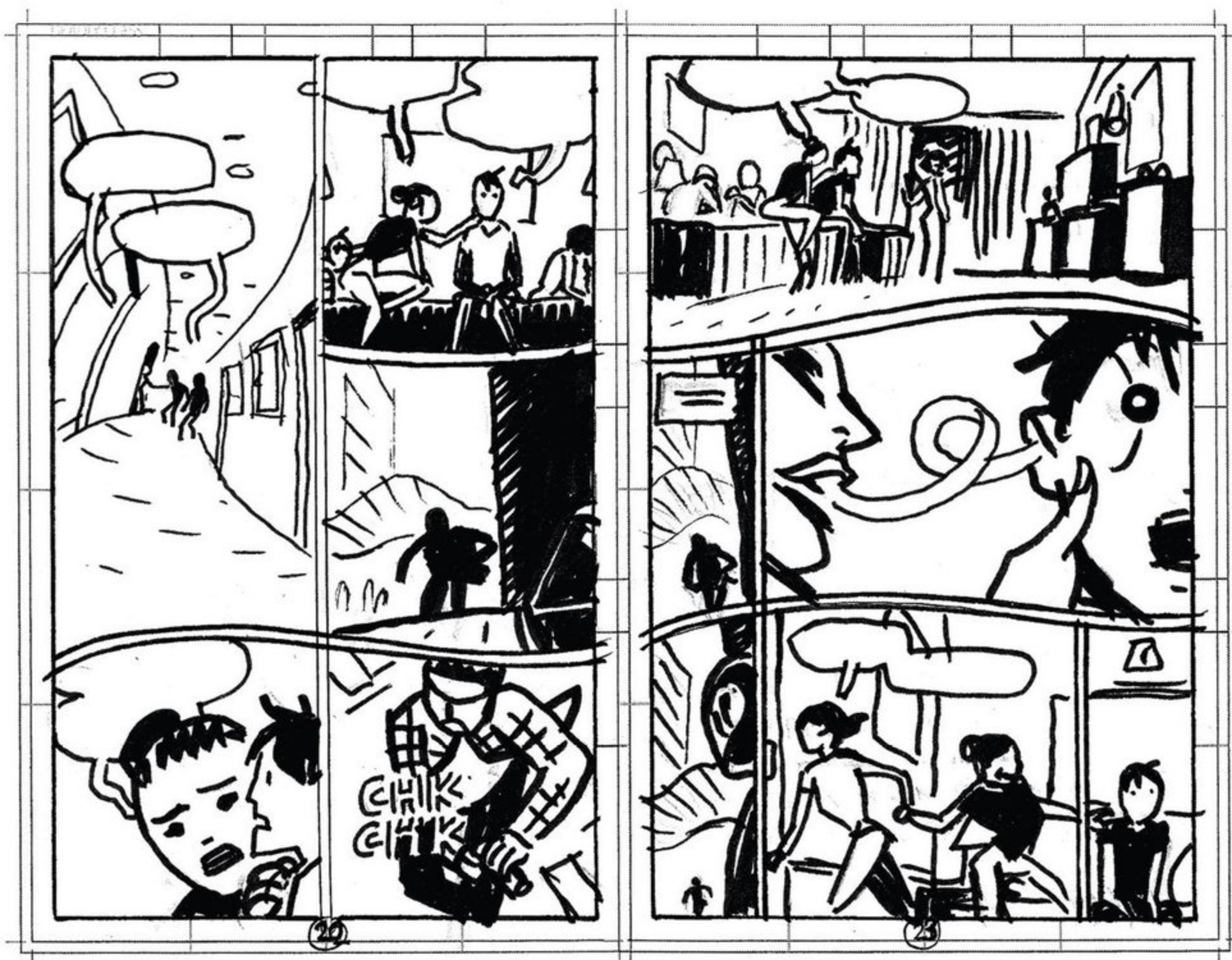
RR - You are a man of fine quality and high standard, Brad. This is a great idea for a letters page. In fact, this was neck and neck with the winning entry so we put it to a vote. You came in second BUT we love this idea so much that we might try to find a home for it somewhere else in the pages of DEADLY CLASS. Thanks for writing in!

Okay, that's it for this month. Next issue things get violent. Hyper-violent even. So if that's not your bag, better to skip out on issues 5 and 6. But if you like the idea of teenagers on acid trying to kill each other in Las Vegas circa 1987, you are in luck.

**See you in 30,
Rick**



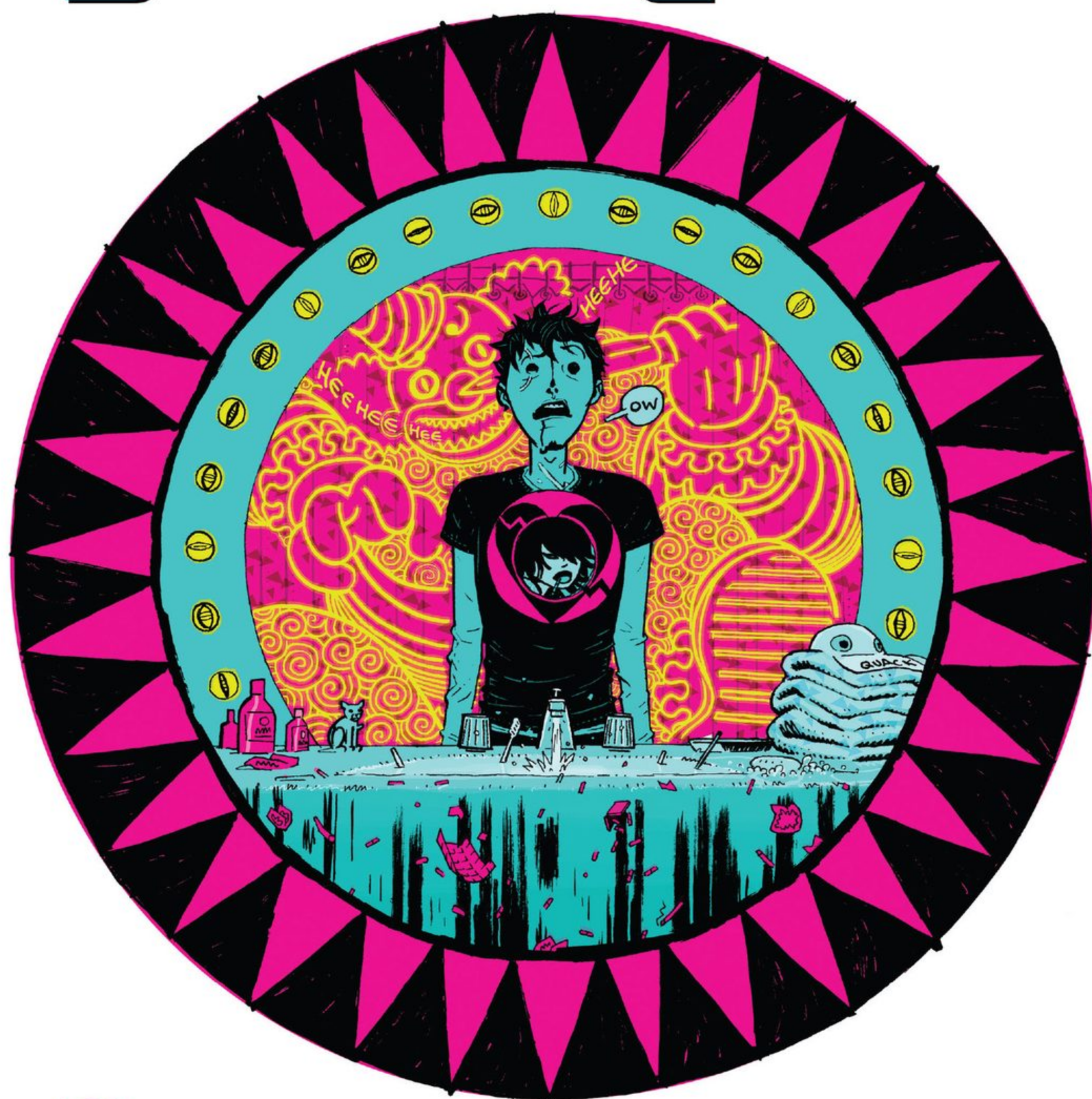
WES
CRAIG'S
PROJECTS



NEXT MONTH

REMENDER • CRAIG • LOUGHRIDGE

DEADLY CLASS



1987

#5

\$3.50



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